

AMERICA'S BEST CRIME STORIES!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

OCT.
NO. 115
10¢

CRIME

AUTHORIZED
A. C. M. P.

CONFORMS
to the
COMICS
CODE



DOES NOT PAY

**ALL
TRUE**
CRIME
ILLUSTORIES

LEV GLEASON, PUBLISHER · CHARLES BIRO AND BOB WOOD, EDITORS

I'M TRAPPED!
AIEEEE!!



LEV GLEASON
PUBLICATIONS

DON'T MISS in this issue: **"TERROR ON LOON STREET"**

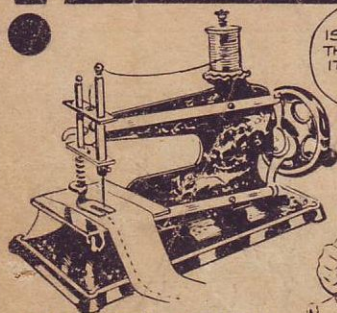


WEB COMIC
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LOOK!

AT THESE 4 WONDER BARGAINS

3 REAL SEWING MACHINE



GEE, THIS IS FUN! I MADE THIS DRESS WITH IT, AND I'LL MAKE HUNDREDS MORE!



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IT'S ONLY **\$298**

READY FOR ACTION
NOW YOU CAN MAKE MANY LOVELY DRESSES FOR YOURSELF AND YOUR DOLLS, OR MAKE EXTRA MONEY SELLING THINGS YOU MAKE! COMPLETE WITH TABLE CLAMP, SPOOL, THREAD AND NEEDLE.

4 LIFE LIKE SANDY



HELLO!
I'M SANDY!
I DRINK, I WET,
I SLEEP AND YOU
CAN WAVE MY
HAIR, TOO!

**THE NEWEST IN
NEAR-HUMAN DOLLS**

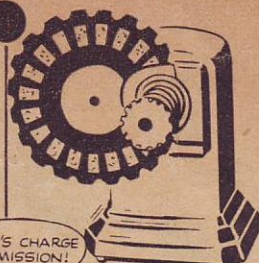
SHE HAS
WONDER SKIN — JUST
LIKE A REAL BABY'S... LIFE-
LIKE HAIR! SHE CAN DRINK,
WET, SLEEP, AND HAVE HER
HAIR WAVED!

IMAGINE ONLY **\$398**

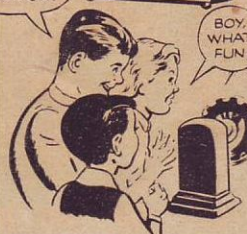
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LIVE ACTION MOVIES!**
HERE'S WHAT YOU GET... A
REAL PROJECTOR, 1 FILM,
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BOY, WHAT FUN!



WHERE ARE YOUR TWO BROTHERS?

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3 EXTRA FILMS... \$1.00

2 "HAPPY" THE COWBOY

I'M TERRIFIC!

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- REAL COWBOY OUTFIT!

HEY KIDS — HERE'S YOUR CHANCE TO BECOME A MASTER VENTRILOQUIST — IN A JIFFY! IMAGINE — YOU CAN MAKE HAPPY THE COWBOY ACTUALLY TALK! (IN YOUR OWN VOICE, OF COURSE.) PULL THE STRING IN THE BACK OF HIS HEAD — WATCH HIS LIPS MOVE — HEAR YOUR OWN WORDS COMING RIGHT OUT OF HAPPY'S MOUTH! SEE HOW REAL HE LOOKS — RIGGED UP IN A COWBOY HAT, WASHABLE PLAID SHIRT AND WESTERN PANTS... SHOW OFF YOUR SKILL AT PARTIES — AT SCHOOL!



IMAGINE! ONLY

\$298

COMPLETE

and
FREE
FREE

A WAVE-A-DOLL

HAIR KIT



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PROSECUTED TO THE FULL EXTENT OF THE LAW**



TRAPPED BY THE DEAD!

CUT OUT AND SAVE!



SEE VALUABLE TRADING CARD OFFER FOLLOWING THIS STORY. SEND THIS WITH YOUR ORDER. BLANK 2 COUPONS PLUS 10¢ WILL ENTITLE YOU TO ONE SET OF TRADING CARDS.



THIS IS THE STORY OF THE GREATEST HOAX IN CRIMINAL HISTORY—THE STORY OF A CUNNING MAN WHO MURDERED HIS WAY TO THE HIGHEST PINNACLE OF GANGDOM, LEAVING AS MANY FALL GUYS AS CORPSES IN HIS BLOODY WAKE! IT WOULD THEREFORE SEEM FITTING THAT ANY MAN WHO LIVED BY A HOAX SHOULD DIE BY A HOAX! BUT CASS VARGER WAS A VERY CUNNING MAN... IN FACT, TOO CUNNING!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MOST GUNMEN ARE REPULSIVE, FLABBY-GUTTED THINGS WHOSE ONLY EXERCISE IS BENDING THEIR ELBOWS AT BARS! BUT SUCH WAS NOT THE CASE WITH LOUIE MAXTA AND HIS LIEUTENANT, CASS VARGER! THEY WERE STRICTLY OUTDOOR MEN! OUR STORY OPENS...

TELL ME, CASS, HOW ARE WE GONNA GET RID OF PETE EMMET?

LEAVE IT TO ME, LOUIE! YOU'VE SEEN THE LAST OF PETE EMMET! MOUNTAIN CLIMBING IS A DANGEROUS SPORT! AND ACCIDENTS DO HAPPEN!

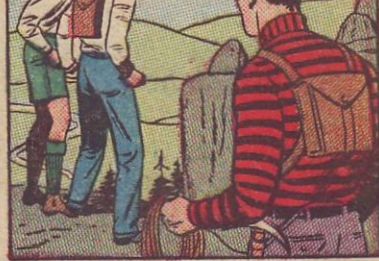
HEY! LOUIE! CASS! AIN'T YOU GUYS COMIN' OVER WITH ME?

NOT ME, PETE! I'VE HAD ENOUGH! I'LL WAIT HERE TILL YOU GUYS COME DOWN!

I'LL GO WITH YOU, PETE! YOU GUYS COULDN'T GET ANYWHERE WITHOUT MY KNOW-HOW!

HEY! LOOK AT THIS—A DROP OF A THOUSAND FEET! THIS IS AS FAR AS I GO, BOYS!

A REAL MOUNTAIN CLIMBER WOULDN'T TALK LIKE THAT! BESIDES, IT'S A CINCH GETTIN' ACROSS IF YOU KNOW HOW! THAT'S WHAT THIS ROPE IS FOR! STAND BACK—I'LL SHOW YA HOW!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



I'VE GOT A BETTER IDEA! FASTEN THE END OF THIS ROPE TO THAT HUNK OF ROPE ON YOUR SIDE!



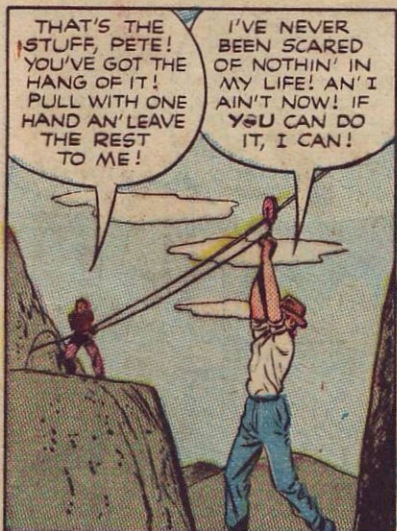
GOT IT TIED TIGHT? GOOD! NOW I'LL ATTACH A PULLEY TO THIS END! THEN ALL EACH GUY HAS TO DO IS PULL ON ONE END OF THE ROPE WHILE I DRAW ON THE OTHER END!

NO DICE! I'M NOT SO ANXIOUS TO GET ACROSS! WHAT AM I GOIN' TO FIND ON THE OTHER SIDE?



WHAT'S THE MATTER, PETE? ARE YA SCARED? I THOUGHT YOU DIDN'T HAVE A YELLOW BONE IN YOUR BODY!

I HAVEN'T, AN' I'LL PROVE IT! GIVE ME THAT PULLEY! I'M GOIN' ACROSS!



THAT'S THE STUFF, PETE! YOU'VE GOT THE HANG OF IT! PULL WITH ONE HAND AN' LEAVE THE REST TO ME!

I'VE NEVER BEEN SCARED OF NOthin' IN MY LIFE! AN' I AIN'T NOW! IF Y@U CAN DO IT, I CAN!



L...LOOK OUT! THE LASSO KNOT IS SLIPPIN'!



PETE!

TH...THE PULLEY IS SLIDIN'... HELP!!



SHORTLY AFTER...

AIN'T IT A SHAME WHAT HAPPENED TO PETE? NOW YOU'LL BE LOOKIN' FOR ANOTHER PARTNER, LOUIE!

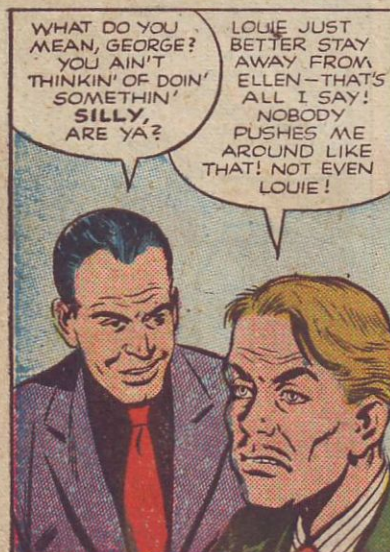
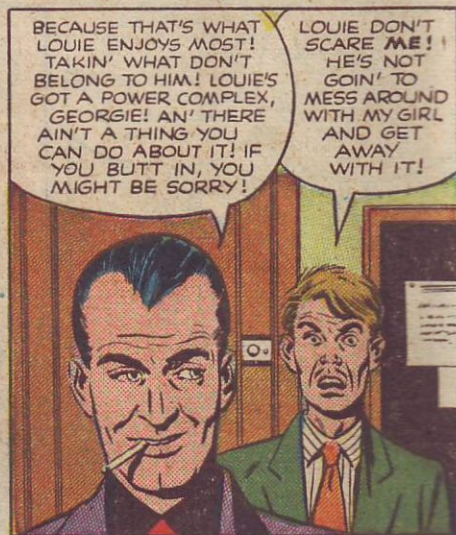
OH, NO, I WON'T! PETE LEFT ME TWO HUNDRED GRAND RICHER, AN' WITH NO SPLITS!



REMEMBER, CASS, I WOULDN'T WANT ANY ACCIDENT TO HAPPEN TO ME—NOT WHEN I JUST BECAME TOP GUY IN THE RACKETS!

DON'T WORRY, LOUIE! WE KNOCKED OFF A LOT OF GUYS TO GET YOU WHERE YOU ARE TODAY! WE'RE ON YOUR TEAM!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

TWO NIGHTS LATER, CASS BAILED A TRAP...

THERE'S A CUTE BLONDE DOWN AT THE JIFFY CLUB... NAME OF ELLEN BECK! SHE TOLD ME SHE'S GONE ON YOU, LOUIE! SHE WANTS TO GET ON IN SHOW BUSINESS! I TOLD HER YOU HAD GOOD CONNECTIONS! SHE'S REALLY QUITE A DISH...

FOR CUTE BLONDES, I GOT LOADS OF CON-NECTIONS!



...SEND HER AROUND! I'D LIKE TO TALK TO HER SOME!

THAT'S WHAT I FIGURED, LOUIE! I'LL ARRANGE AN APPOINTMENT FOR TOMORROW NIGHT!



THAT NIGHT CASS WENT DOWN TO THE JIFFY CLUB...

LOUIE MAXTA INTERESTED IN ME? WHY, THAT'S THE MAN GEORGE ACCUSED ME OF SEEING! I TOLD GEORGE I DON'T KNOW ANY LOUIE MAXTA!

GEORGE IS THE JEALOUS TYPE! HE IMAGINES THINGS! SOMEBODY MUST'VE BEEN KIDDIN' HIM AND HE FELL FOR IT!



LOUIE CAUGHT YOUR ACT THE OTHER NIGHT! HE THINKS YOU'RE LOADED WITH TALENT! HE'S GOT A PIECE OF A NEW MUSICAL AND HE WANTS YOU IN IT! SEE HIM TOMORROW NIGHT AT ELEVEN! HE'LL TELL YOU ALL ABOUT IT!

THANKS, CASS - THIS MIGHT BE THE BREAK I'VE BEEN WAITING FOR! ANYWAY, WHAT HAVE I GOT TO LOSE? WHERE DO I MEET HIM?



THAT SAME NIGHT, CASS VARGER VISITED GEORGE MEAD...

I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO BELIEVE! YOU TELL ME ELLEN'S TWO-TIMIN' ME, AN' SHE INSISTS SHE DON'T EVEN KNOW LOUIE MAXTA!

THEN FIND OUT FOR YOURSELF! I KNOW FOR A FACT THAT SHE'S VISITING LOUIE TOMORROW NIGHT AT ELEVEN SHARP AT HIS APARTMENT! WHY NOT WAIT OUTSIDE THE JIFFY CLUB AND SEE WHERE SHE GOES?



I WILL! AN' IF SHE'S LYIN' TO ME, BY HEAVEN, I'LL KILL 'EM BOTH!

AN' WHO'D BLAME YOU, GEORGE? ANY GUY WHO'D STEAL ANOTHER GUY'S GAL DESERVES A GUT FULL OF LEAD!



THE FOLLOWING NIGHT AT 10:45 P.M., A HIGHLY LIT DRUNK WATCHED A BLONDE SHOWGIRL LEAVE THE JIFFY CLUB BETWEEN SHOWS AND HOP A CAB...

IT'S TRUE! SHE'S GOIN' SOMEWHERE!



THAT'S LOUIE MAXTA'S APARTMENT BUILDIN'! SHE WAS LYIN'! AND SHE'S GONNA BE AWFUL SORRY!

THE SCHEME IS WORKIN' LIKE A SWISS WATCH! NOW TO TIP LOUIE OFF!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THIS IS WORKIN' OUT TO PERFECTION! GEORGE IS A CINCH TO FRY! AND I'M IN THE CLEAR!



BUT EVEN HE WON'T DENY HE FIRED AT LOUIE, AN' SAW HIM GO DOWN! A DRUNK LIKE THAT IS ALWAYS LIABLE TO FALL AND HURT HIMSELF!



THE FRAME-UP IS AIR-TIGHT! GEORGE IS A DEAD DUCK...AN' I'LL BE THE NEW KING OF THE RACKETS! HE LEARNED HIS LESSON THE HARD WAY — NEVER TRUST A BLONDE!

CASS VARGER THOUGHT HE HAD EVERY ANGLE FIGURED! THE EVIDENCE AGAINST GEORGE MEAD SPELLED ONE THING... THE HOT SEAT...

BUT AT THE MURDER SCENE THERE WAS A HOMICIDE DETECTIVE NAMED ANSON WHO DISCOVERED SOMETHING THAT PUZZLED HIM...

WHAT DO YOU MEAN... YOU FOUND A CLUE THAT DOESN'T FIT? THIS IS AN OPEN-AND SHUT CASE, ANSON! EVEN MEAD ADMITS HE KILLED MAXTA! THAT'S FOR SURE!

WILL YOU STEP OUT ON THE ROOF, CAPTAIN — AND I'LL EXPLAIN!



ANSON POINTED TO A RUB MARK ON THE GAS VENT AND SHOWED THE D.A. SOME ROPE FIBRES...

I DON'T GET IT, ANSON! IT'S A LONG SHOT, WHAT ARE YOU DRIVING AT? CAPTAIN-BUT I GOT A STRANGE HUNCH! AND I'LL BE A LOT Surer IF I FIND THE SAME ROPE FIBRES AND RUB MARKS ON THE GAS VENT ACROSS THE ALLEY!

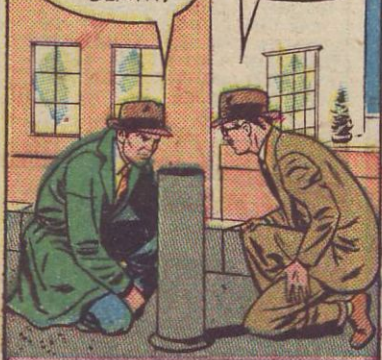
IT SOUNDS CRAZY TO ME, BUT LET'S HAVE A LOOK!



ANSON WAS RIGHT! MORE RUB MARKS AND ROPE FIBRES WERE EXACTLY WHAT THEY DID FIND...

WHO TAKES OVER LOUIE MAXTA'S RACKETS ON LOUIE'S DEATH?

HIS HATCHETMAN, CASS VARGER! WHY?



VARGER HAPPENS TO BE A FIRST RATE MOUNTAIN CLIMBER! HE WAS CLIMBING WITH PETE EMMET WHEN PETE FELL TO HIS DEATH "ACCIDENTALLY", REMEMBER?

ARE YOU SAYING THAT VARGER USED THE MOUNTAIN-CLIMBING TECHNIQUE TO GET TO MAXTA'S APARTMENT?

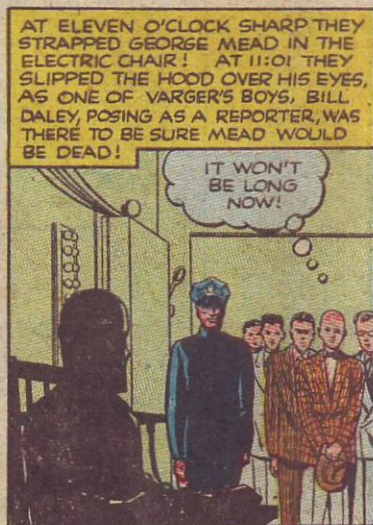
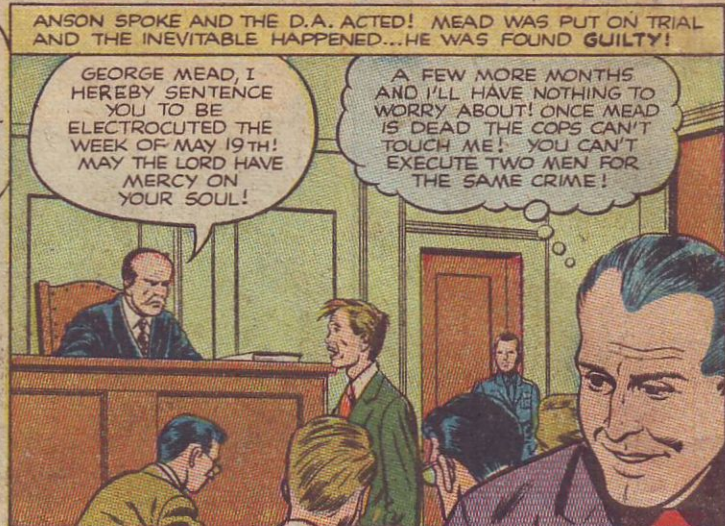
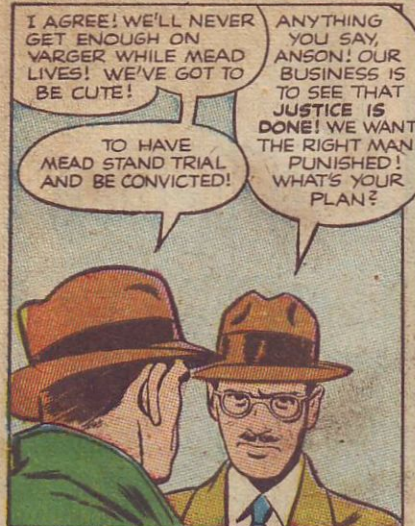


I FEEL SURE OF IT! IN FACT, THIS ANSWERS A LOT OF PUZZLING QUESTIONS! WHY DID MEAD USE TWO GUNS TO KILL MAXTA? AND WHERE DID MEAD GET THAT CREASE IN HIS SKULL?

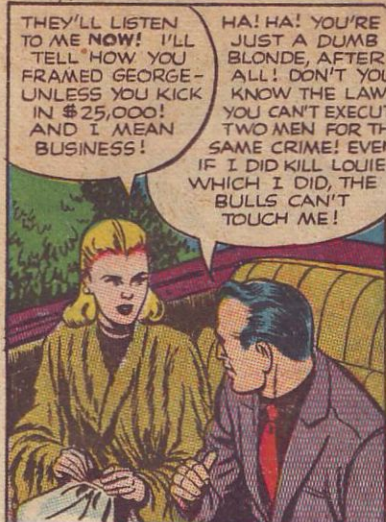
BUT THE EVIDENCE IS ALL AGAINST MEAD! I CAN'T PROSECUTE VARGER ON A THEORY! I MUST TRY AND CONVICT MEAD!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



THEY'LL LISTEN TO ME NOW! I'LL TELL HOW YOU FRAMED GEORGE—UNLESS YOU KICK IN \$25,000! AND I MEAN BUSINESS!

HA! HA! YOU'RE JUST A DUMB BLONDE, AFTER ALL! DON'T YOU KNOW THE LAW? YOU CAN'T EXECUTE TWO MEN FOR THE SAME CRIME! EVEN IF I DID KILL LOUIE, WHICH I DID, THE BULLS CAN'T TOUCH ME!



THEN YOU ADMIT IT? YOU DID KILL LOUIE MAXTA!

SURE, BUT I WAS SMART—I LET THE DRUNKEN FOOL TAKE THE RAP FOR ME! MY PRESCRIPTION FOR MURDER IS LEARN MOUNTAIN CLIMBIN'!



SUDDENLY... AND OUR PRESCRIPTION FOR KILLERS IS THE CHAIR! THROW 'EM UP, VARGER!

DETECTIVE ANSON! YOU GOT NOTHIN' ON ME!

OH, NO? THERE'S A PORTABLE TAPE RECORDER WHICH I HAD PLANTED IN THE BACK SEAT! IT RECORDED YOUR CONFESSION!



OKAY, SO YOU GOT A CONFESSION! YOU KNOW WHAT YOU CAN DO WITH IT! I KNOW THE LAW! YOU CAN'T TRY OR EXECUTE TWO MEN FOR THE SAME CRIME! MEAD IS DEAD—YOU MISSED THE BOAT!

COME ON, VARGER—THE D.A. HAS A SURPRISE FOR YOU!



AN HOUR LATER, AT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE...

MEET AN OLD FRIEND OF YOURS, VARGER! HE LOOKS IN PRETTY GOOD SHAPE FOR A DEAD MAN!

M...MEAD! N...NO! IT CAN'T BE! MEAD'S DEAD! ONE OF MY BOYS SAW HIM BURN!

THAT'S JUST WHAT WE WANTED YOU TO THINK, VARGER! WE KNEW YOU WERE GUILTY—BUT HOW TO PROVE IT WAS ANOTHER STORY! AND WE'VE DONE IT!



SO WHILE YOU GLOATED ON THE OUTSIDE, WE GOT PERMISSION TO STAGE A SHAM EXECUTION! WE WENT THROUGH ALL THE MOTIONS, AND IT PAID OFF!

WE WANTED TO CATCH YOU OFF GUARD, VARGER! SO WE BAITED YOU—AND BOY, DID YOU SWALLOW THE HOOK!

YOU'LL NEVER BURN ME! NEVER!



STOP HIM! HE'S GOING THROUGH THE WINDOW!

IT'S TOO LATE FOR THAT! BUT IT'LL SAVE THE STATE SOME MONEY!



THIS TIME MOUNTAIN CLIMBING VARGER FORGOT HIS ROPE!

WELL, ONE GOOD HOAX DESERVES ANOTHER! GIVE A MAN ENOUGH ROPE AND HE'LL HANG HIMSELF! CRIME DOES NOT PAY IN ANY WAY!

The End

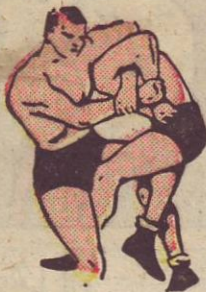
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When You Have To Defend Yourself Do What The EXPERTS Do! USE THEIR 3-POWER SYSTEM

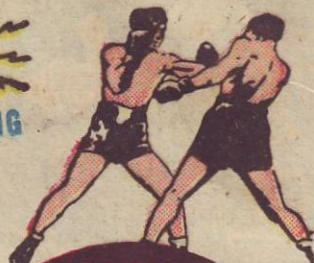
1
JIU-
JITSU



2
WRESTLING



3
BOXING



OVERCOME ANY ENEMY —
No matter how big he is
or how small you are!

NOW—discover from experts—this quick, easy way
how you can defend yourself anywhere — anytime!

HERE'S every science of self-defense and lethal attack, wrapped up into one triple-action package. This new fast-moving 3-power system will make you tough to conquer, or it doesn't cost you a cent. You don't need muscles! You don't have to be big! You just have to know how!

You'll Gain
Respect for
Manliness

In every dynamite-packed page, experts teach you through pictures and stories. How you can K.O. your enemy with one clean scientific wallop! How to master him with punishing, bruising, wrestling holds! How to use his strength to destroy himself through deadly Jiu-Jitsu.

Like Getting
Personal
Instruction

Never again cringe or shy away from a bully. Imagine the wonderful thrill of confidence that nobody can push you around. Think of the respect others will have for you, the safety they'll feel being with you, when they find out what a rough and ready scrapping, deadly-efficient he-man you can be.

Act Now,
Be Prepared

You learn quickly and easily through our amazing new "slow-motion picture" method. You learn every stance, every hold, every grip as portrayed by our experts. It's just like getting personal instruction in your own home. But you don't pay the price of personal instruction. The experts who prepared these instructions want everyone to know how to defend himself. They want to make a "big man" of every small one. So the price was made so low that everyone could afford to have these instructions. Yes, you can't afford to be without them.

We want you to have all three books containing the 3-Power System. We want you to be able to defend yourself against any attacker, no matter how he fights. Therefore, we'll send you all 3 books for the price of only 2 if you act now!

ONLY
\$1.00
FOR ALL THREE
If bought separately,
each 50¢

JIU-JITSU
As taught to
Marines, "G"
men, etc.
50c

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50c

WRESTLING
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50c



SEND NO MONEY

Make us prove our claims. Send no money, unless you prefer. When the postman delivers your package, deposit only \$1.00 plus postage and C.O.D. charges. You must be completely convinced after five days, or return the books and your money will be refunded. Don't wait until trouble, strikes. Prepare NOW.

PICKWICK CO., Box 463, Midtown Station
New York 18, N. Y.

RUSH COUPON TODAY!

PICKWICK CO., Dept. CM-2204

Box 463, Midtown Station, New York 18, N. Y.

Rush me a copy of

☐ Jiu-Jitsu—50c ☐ Scientific Boxing—50c ☐ Wrestling—50c

(If you check two books, we will send you the third without additional charge)

☐ Enclosed find \$
prepaid.

Please send the books all charges

☐ Send C.O.D. I will pay on delivery, plus postage and C.O.D. charges (No C.O.D. for less than \$1.00).

NAME

ADDRESS

CITY

STATE

It is understood that if I am not satisfied I can return the books within 5 days for immediate refund of full purchase price

No C.O.D. to APO, FPO, or outside U.S.A.

THEY'RE GOING LIKE CRAZY!

GET YOURS
NOW

THESE CARDS—TWICE THE SIZE OF THOSE SHOWN HERE—ARE PRINTED IN FULL COLOR. YOUR FAVORITE COMIC CHARACTERS ARE ON THEM—AND EVERYBODY WANTS THEM! DECORATE YOUR ROOM WITH THEM! GIVE THEM TO FRIENDS! SAVE THEM! BUT—WHAT-EVER YOU DO—

HURRY! HURRY! HURRY!

HERE'S ALL YOU HAVE TO DO TO GET ANY SET YOU WANT! You will find a special trading card coupon on the top of the first page of this magazine. Until further notice these coupons will be found in all of the following Lev Gleason Comics: **CRIME DOES NOT PAY**, **BOY**, **CRIME & PUNISHMENT**, **DAREDEVIL** and **BLACK DIAMOND**.

Just send us **TWO** of these coupons, with 10¢ (no stamps, please) and we will send you any set of trading cards you want. You can pick your own sets. They are listed in the box at right. And you can order as many sets as you like. Just remember to send two coupons and 10¢ for each set. There are 5 sets in all. Get all of them and have the best collection yourself!

NOTE: When you send your coupons and 10¢, paste the coupons on a post card or attach them to the handy order blank at the right. You will find the coupons on the front page of any of the Lev Gleason Comics mentioned above (**CRIME DOES NOT PAY**, **BOY**, **CRIME & PUNISHMENT**, **DAREDEVIL** and **BLACK DIAMOND**).

Order your set by number. Be sure to print your name and address plainly and mail to:

PICTURE SET DIVISION,
Lev Gleason Publications
114 E. 32nd St.
New York, 16, N. Y.

THIS OFFER NOT VALID IN STATES WHERE REDEMPTION OF COUPONS IS FORBIDDEN BY LAW.



app.
1/2 actual
size

HERE ARE THE SETS Order By Number

When you send your coupons, choose the set or sets you want. Order them by number — but each set is **COMPLETE** and cards in each set **CANNOT** be changed. Order more sets as you want more cards.

- | | |
|---|---|
| SET NO. 1
SLUGGER
GRUESOME JONES
IRON JAW | SET NO. 3
ROCKY X
(of the Rocketeers)
BUMPER
CURLY |
| SET NO. 2
WISE GUYS GROUP
CRIMEBUSTER
AND SQUEEKS
RELIAPON | SET NO. 4
SCARECROW
SIMPLY SMITH
DILLY DUNCAN |

SET NO. 5
BLACK DIAMOND AND RELIAPON
SQUEEKS
THE VACUUM

ORDER BLANK

PICTURE SET DIVISION,
LEV GLEASON PUBLICATIONS, INC.

114 E. 32nd Street, Send cash, check
New York 16, N. Y. or money order. No
Friends: stamps.

Enclosed are trading picture coupons
cut from Lev Gleason Comics and
Please send me the following sets of pictures
(2 coupons and 10¢ entitle me to 1 set of 3
pictures).

Set No. 1 ☐ Set No. 2 ☐ Set No. 3 ☐
Set No. 4 ☐ Set No. 5 ☐

My name is _____
(Please print)

My address is _____

THIS IS A SAMPLE OF
THE COUPON YOU
NEED TO GET YOUR
TRADING CARDS. YOU
WILL FIND IT ON THE
FIRST INSIDE PAGE OF
EACH MAGAZINE. THIS
SAMPLE COUPON HAS
NO VALUE.
DON'T USE IT.



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



the **CRIMINAL** who wanted to punish himself



BUT I TELL YOU, I
KILLED HIM! I KILLED
HIM WITH THIS GUN!
DON'T YOU UNDERSTAND?
I'M CONFESSING TO
THE MURDER!

YOU DIDN'T
MURDER ANY-
ONE WITH THAT
GUN! WHY DO
YOU INSIST
YOU DID?

I DON'T GET IT, CAPTAIN
CONNERS! WHY SHOULD
ANYONE CONFESS TO A
MURDER HE DIDN'T
COMMIT?

THAT WAS THE BAFFLING QUESTION THAT ALMOST STUMPED THE POLICE FORCE OF A LARGE EASTERN CITY TWO YEARS AGO! WHY SHOULD THIS MAN INSIST HE MURDERED A MAN WITH HIS GUN? TRUE, HE HAD A CRIMINAL RECORD, AND THERE WAS A BULLET MISSING FROM HIS GUN! FURTHERMORE, HE HAD NO ALIBI FOR THE TIME OF THE CRIME, BUT BALLISTICS EXPERTS SWORE THAT THE BULLET MISSING FROM HIS GUN... COULD NOT HAVE MATCHED THE BULLET FOUND IN THE BODY OF THE VICTIM!

OUR STORY STARTS IN SEPTEMBER OF 1950, IN THE OFFICE OF GAT JORDAN, A "BIG SHOT" IN THE UNDER-WORLD, BUT A VERY WORRIED BIG SHOT!

THE COPS ARE HOT ON
OUR TAIL, BOYS! THEY
FOUND HIS BODY
AND THEY'RE GONNA
POUNCE! WE'VE GOT
TO GET OUT OF THE
COUNTRY...AND
FAST!

SURE WE
DO, GAT,
EXCEPT
WE GOTTA
HAVE A
LITTLE ITEM
KNOWN AS
MONEY!

...AND WE'RE
AWFUL LOW
ON THAT!

HOLD ON!
THERE'S SOME-
ONE AT THE
DOOR!

KNOCK!
KNOCK!!

HELLO, CLYDE—WHAT'S ON
YOUR MIND?

I'M GETTING
BORED JUST HANGING
AROUND—THAT'S WHAT!
WHEN DO WE SEE
SOME ACTION?

SO CLYDE'S FEELIN'
UNEASY, EH? SLIM,
ARE YOU THINKIN'
WHAT I'M
THINKIN'?



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

THE APPEARANCE OF CLYDE PIET, NEWEST ADDITION TO THE GANG, STARTED GAT'S NIMBLE BRAIN WORKING! GAT HAD BUMPED OFF THE LEADER OF A RIVAL GANG...THE COPS WERE ON THEIR TRAIL...AND THEY NEEDED MONEY FAST TO GET OUT OF THE COUNTRY! IT DAWNED ON GAT THAT MAYBE CLYDE COULD SOLVE THE PROBLEM...

SAY, CLYDE, BABE IS WAITING FOR YOU DOWNSTAIRS AT THE BAR! SHE ASKED ME TO SEND YOU DOWN!

THANKS, GAT! I CAN HARDLY WAIT!

HEY, WHAT GOES ON HERE?



BABE'S MY GIRL, AND YOU STAY AWAY FROM HER, YOU CAFE SOCIETY, LOW-DOWN...



NOBODY TALKS TO ME THAT WAY, YOU ROTTEN FOUR-FLUSHER!

AGHHH...



STOP! STOP HIM!

THAT'S ENOUGH, CLYDE! STOP IT!



THERE'LL BE NO MORE FIGHTING LIKE THAT! WE GOT ENOUGH TROUBLE WITHOUT HAVING ONE OF YOU GUYS KILLING THE OTHER! GO DOWN AND SEE BABE, CLYDE!

OKAY! BUT I'M NOT FINISHED WITH YOU, WISE GUY!



I ARRANGED THAT LITTLE SCENE ON PURPOSE, SLIM!

WHAT? YOU LET THAT THRILL-CRAZY KID BEAT ME UP ON PURPOSE?



CLYDE PIET WAS JUST THAT! HE CAME FROM A WEALTHY FAMILY AND WAS ALWAYS GETTING INTO ONE SCRAPE AFTER ANOTHER! HE WAS AN OUTCAST FROM RESPECTABLE SOCIETY AND HE TOOK HIS REVENGE BY BECOMING AN OUT AND OUT CRIMINAL...NOT FOR MONEY, OF WHICH HE HAD BEEN LEFT PLENTY, BUT FOR THRILLS!

JUST LISTEN -I'LL EXPLAIN IT SLOWLY, BOYS! WE GOTTA DO IT TONIGHT! NOW I WANT YOU HERE AT EIGHT O'CLOCK!

DON'T WORRY I'LL BE HERE!



AND SO WAS HATCHED ONE OF THE MOST INTRIGUING PLANS IN CRIMINAL HISTORY! THAT NIGHT, IN GAT'S OFFICE...

IT'S WONDERFUL BEING HERE WITH YOU ALONE, BABE! HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT?

OH, I GOT WAYS! THAT SLIM THINKS HE OWNS ME, BUT YOU'LL TAKE CARE OF HIM, WON'T YOU?



SLIM, YOU'RE GOING TO HELP US GET THE DOUGH TO MAKE OUR ESCAPE! YOU AND CLYDE AND BABE! BUT MOST OF ALL...CLYDE!

I DON'T KNOW WHAT YOU'RE TALKING ABOUT, GAT!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CLYDE SUDDENLY CRUMPLED TO THE FLOOR! THE KNOCKOUT DROPS HAD DONE THEIR JOB! HE WAS IN A STATE OF DELIRIUM, BUT HE OVERHEARD TALKING IN THE BACKGROUND...



FIVE MINUTES LATER, CLYDE WAS ABLE TO STAGGER TO HIS FEET! WHAT HE SAW MADE HIM GASP! SLIM WAS LYING ON THE FLOOR... A LARGE STAIN OF BLOOD ON HIS JACKET...



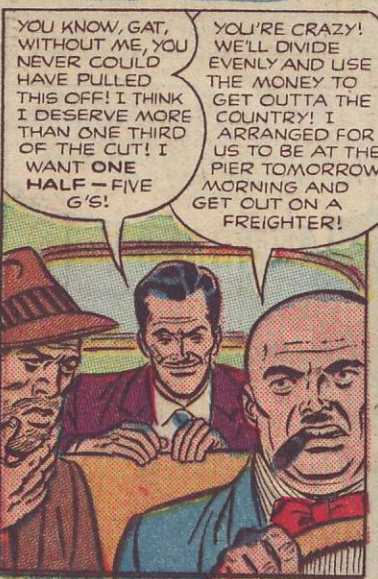
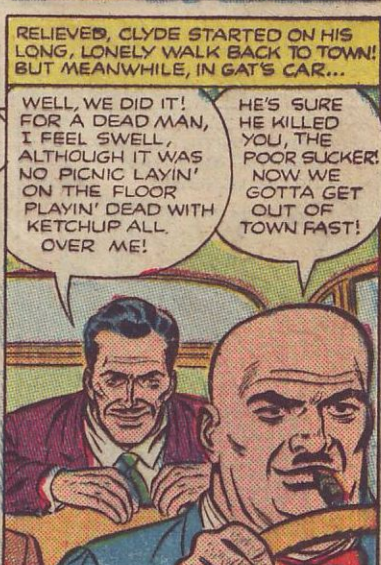
CLYDE HAD WANTED THRILLS, BUT NEVER MURDER! WHEN HE SAW SLIM LYING ON THE FLOOR, HE WENT TO PIECES! HE HADN'T MEANT TO KILL HIM-HE DIDN'T EVEN RE-MEMBER DOING IT! AND NOW HE WAS FACING A DEATH SENTENCE...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



CLYDE WAS WAITING FOR THE BANK TO OPEN EARLY THE NEXT MORNING AFTER WALKING THE STREETS ALL NIGHT! HE MET GAT AT THE PREARRANGED PLACE AND...



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



NOW
WHAT'RE
WE GONNA
DO WITH
THIS
CORPSE?

DO? WHY, WE'RE
GONNA DO JUST
WHAT WE PROMISED
CLYDE WE WOULD
DO!

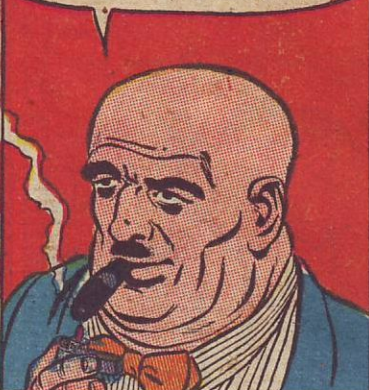
GAT'S PLAN WAS A MASTERPIECE! HE
DROVE TO THE LIME PITS AT THE EDGE
OF TOWN AND EXPLAINED HIS ACTIONS
TO THE SLOWER WITTED JOE!

BUT, BOSS, WE
DIDN'T DO A
GOOD JOB OF
HIDING
HIM!

I DON'T CARE IF THE
COPS DO FIND HIM!
DON'T YOU SEE,
WHEN THE PAPERS
PRINT THE STORY...



...CLYDE'S GONNA THINK THEY
FOUND THE BODY OF THE MAN HE
MURDERED! HE WON'T KNOW
THAT I KILLED HIM! HE'LL CRACK
UNDER THE STRAIN AND PROBABLY
GIVE HIMSELF AWAY SOMEHOW!
ANYWAY, BY THAT TIME WE'LL
BE OUTTA THE COUNTRY!



GAT'S PREDICTION CAME TRUE! CLYDE
HAD WALKED BACK TO TOWN... AN
HYSTERICAL WRECK OF A MAN... AND
PACED HIS SMALL ROOM FOR HOURS!



WHEN WILL I KNOW IF I
GOT AWAY WITH IT...WHEN?
I CAN'T STAND THIS
MUCH LONGER!



I MUST GET A
NEWSPAPER! I
CAN'T STAND NOT
KNOWING!

JUST EXACTLY AS HE FEARED, THE
EXTRAS WERE OUT WITH THE STORY OF
THE DISCOVERY OF SLIM'S BODY!



THEY FOUND HIM! GAT
DOUBLE-CROSSED ME...
THEY FOUND SLIM! IT'S ONLY
A MATTER OF TIME
UNTIL THEY CATCH
ME!



THEY'RE ALL STARING AT ME!
THEY KNOW I'M A MURDERER! IF
I LEAVE TOWN, THEY'LL CHASE
ME...I'LL BE ON THE RUN UNTIL
THEY FINALLY CATCH ME! NO...
I CAN'T STAND THAT!

HALF-CRAZED WITH FEAR, CLYDE, FEELING CERTAIN THAT HE HAD KILLED
SLIM, RAN IN TO THE NEAREST POLICE STATION AND BABBLER HIS
STORY...

...AND SO I KILLED HIM! WE
HAD A FIGHT AND I LOST MY
TEMPER...I WAS IN A DAZE—
BUT THERE IS AN EMPTY
CARTRIDGE IN THE GUN...SO
I MUST HAVE KILLED
HIM!

I GUESS YOU DID! WE'LL HAVE
THE GUN CHECKED BY OUR BALLISTICS
MAN ANYWAY, BUT IN THE MEAN-
TIME, WE'LL GIVE YOU A NICE QUIET
CELL SO THAT YOU CAN
CALM DOWN!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

NUMB WITH RELIEF, CLYDE SAT IN HIS CELL, WAITING FOR WHAT HE SUPPOSED WOULD BE A QUICK TRIAL AND A SENTENCE OF DEATH! HE WAS ACTUALLY RELIEVED NOW THAT THE CONFESSION WAS OVER! THERE WOULD BE NO CHASING AND HIDING IN EVERY CITY ON THE MAP! HE HAD KILLED A MAN AND HE WOULD DIE FOR IT! IT WAS SIMPLE AS THAT... SO HE THOUGHT!



MEANWHILE, CAPTAIN CONNERS WAS PUTTING THE CASE THROUGH WHAT HE THOUGHT WAS A ROUTINE INVESTIGATION...

THIS IS JUST AN ADDED EXPENSE FOR THE STATE, BUT WE PUT EVERY SUSPECTED MURDER WEAPON THROUGH IT!



I'M READY FOR THE CLYDE PIET CASE, CAPTAIN! HERE'S THE BULLET WE TOOK OUT OF THE VICTIM'S BODY!

NOW I'M GONNA SHOOT ANOTHER BULLET FROM CLYDE'S GUN INTO ONE OF THESE BOXES! THEN WE CAN COMPARE THE TWO!



SAY, CAPTAIN, THESE BULLETS DIDN'T COME FROM THE SAME GUN!

WHAT? BUT THAT'S IMPOSSIBLE! WHY SHOULD HE CONFESS TO THE MURDER IF HE DIDN'T KILL HIM? YOU MUST BE MISTAKEN!



EACH BULLET FROM THE SAME GUN HAS CERTAIN IDENTIFYING RIFLING MARKS ON IT THAT CAN'T BE CHANGED! BULLETS DON'T LIE ANY MORE THAN FINGER-PRINTS CAN!

IF CLYDE'S GUN DIDN'T KILL SLIM, SOMEBODY ELSE DID! AND WE GAVE HIM ALMOST A DAY'S HEAD START TO MAKE HIS ESCAPE! WE'VE GOT TO GET INTO ACTION—AND QUICK!



CLYDE WAS PUT THROUGH RIGID QUESTIONING! NO...HE HAD NO OTHER GUN...HE HAD KILLED SLIM WITH THE GUN HE HAD GIVEN CAPTAIN CONNERS!

HAVE I GONE CRAZY AND DREAMED THE WHOLE THING? I TELL YOU I KILLED HIM WITH THIS GUN! WHY ELSE WOULD I CONFESS TO IT?

I DON'T KNOW! BUT I DO KNOW THAT WE HAVE NO TIME TO WASTE!



WHILE WE'RE TALKING, SOMEBODY IS GETTING AWAY WITH MURDER! NOW TALK!

BUT, I TELL YOU, I DID KILL HIM AND I GAVE GAT TEN GRAND TO GET RID OF THE BODY!



GAT... WHO'S GAT?

GAT JORDAN...HE PROMISED TO HIDE THE BODY IN THE LIME PITS IF I GAVE HIM THE DOUGH! I THOUGHT I HEARD HIM SAY HE'D DUMP HIM IN A PIER IN THE MORNING...BUT I WAS SO MIXED UP, I DIDN'T KNOW WHAT WAS HAPPENING! I HAD TOO MUCH TO DRINK! I HEARD SOMEBODY MENTION NINE O'CLOCK IN THE MORNING...ABOUT A BOAT!



CAPTAIN CONNERS WAS ON THE TRAIL NOW! HE STILL COULDN'T PUT THE PIECES OF THIS PUZZLE TOGETHER IN THE RIGHT ORDER YET...BUT HE KNEW HE MUST LOOK FOR GAT JORDAN AT SOME PIER...AND HE DIDN'T HAVE A MOMENT TO LOSE!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

POLICE RADIOS AND CARS WENT INTO ACTION! ORDERS WERE RADIOED TO THE PIERS TO DELAY THE SAILING OF ALL SHIPS UNTIL THEY WERE INSPECTED AND OKAY'D BY THE POLICE!



MEANWHILE, ON A SMALL CARGO SHIP DOCKED AT PIER 13...



AT THOSE WORDS GAT AND JOE KNEW THAT THEY HAD TO GET OFF THAT SHIP! THERE MIGHT STILL BE TIME TO GET AWAY! STEALTHILY, THEY CRAWLED OFF THE SHIP AND MADE THEIR WAY ALONG THE DOCK...



...BUT IT WAS TOO LATE! THE POLICE WERE SCATTERED ALONG THE DOCK... REALIZING HE WAS ON THE SPOT, JOE REACHED FOR HIS GUN, AND...



AND SO JUSTICE TRIUMPHED ONCE AGAIN! GAT WENT TO THE CHAIR, JOE WAS BEYOND ANY PUNISHMENT! CLYDE PIET WAS SENTENCED TO TEN YEARS AT HARD LABOR, BUT IN THINKING HE HAD KILLED A MAN, HE HAD ALREADY SUFFERED THE TORTURES OF THE HUNTED!



Q. WHY DIDN'T YOU GRAB AND HOLD THAT CRIMINAL?
A. I TRIED TO, BUT HE SQUIRMED OUT OF MY GRIP!
Q. YOU'RE TWICE HIS SIZE! DO YOU EXPECT US TO BELIEVE THAT?
A. BUT HE'S A CIRCUS CONTORTIONIST!

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the END

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The Late Tour



Patrolman David Mack was ready to leave the house for work. He kissed his sleeping wife good-by, smiled at the baby in her crib, and left for police headquarters. The neighborhood was pretty quiet, but then it usually was at 11:30 at night. When he reached headquarters he greeted the eleven other guys who had the midnight to eight A. M. shift with him — what the department called the "late tour".

He went to the locker room to change into his uniform, and met his prowl car partner, Eddie Harris, getting into uniform.

"Hi, Eddie, how's the boy?" David asked genially.

"Oh, hi," Eddie said, looking up into the friendly face of his partner. "All set for a big night? If we have another dull night tonight, I'll blow my top!"

"What are you complaining about?" David asked good-naturedly. "If you had a couple of killers on your hands, you wouldn't be so happy"

"Yeah, guess you're right," Eddie agreed, "but I have to gripe about something."

Ten minutes later the two men filed into the front room with the rest of the platoon and lined up to hear the sergeant's instructions.

"Attention, men," the sergeant began briskly. "Be on the look-out for muggers. There are more than usual tonight. And there's a big party at the Starlight Cafe. It should break up around three. There will probably be a lot of liquored guys, so see that you keep everything under control. Those are all

the calls we've received so far. Be on the alert!"

Out in the street the patrolmen waited for the prowl cars to arrive, and at exactly midnight, the policemen on the four to twelve tour drove up to headquarters.

David slid his tall frame behind the wheel of car 2379, Eddie got in beside him and off they drove.

David looked at the speedometer and remarked to Eddie, "They covered about hundred miles tonight. Must have been quiet."

"You said it," Eddie commented. "If they had had to stop fights, take anyone to the hospital or stop anyone from committing suicide, they wouldn't have covered so much mileage."

They drove in silence for a while, seemingly relaxed, but covering the neighborhood with alert, observant glances. They drove for half an hour without noticing anything unusual, when suddenly they heard the crash of a store window.

"It's up the block," David said tersely. "I'll drive right to it."

They reached the dress shop in time to see a young hoodlum jumping in the front window.

David and Eddie hopped out of the car and raced after the thief. He hadn't turned on any of the lights, and didn't even have a flashlight with him.

David turned his flash all over the store, and shouted, "It's two against one. You can't escape. Come out, before you get hurt."

After a couple of minutes in which David and Eddie braced themselves for a volley of bullets, a thin, terrified kid of nineteen stepped forward and stood quaking before the two policemen.

"I didn't wanna do it, honest, but they made me," he began.

"Who made you?" David asked sternly.

"The fellows. They dared me to rob this store. They would've called me chicken if I didn't," he finished lamely.

"Listen, boy," David said seriously. "Being honest and obeying the law isn't chicken — it's smart, and it's honorable. I'll have to take you down to headquarters, but think about the kind of life you want to lead — one in which you're constantly pulling jobs to make a buck, worrying whether the cops will catch you, whether you've robbed some guy of his life savings — or a life that's decent, where you do an honest day's work."

Twenty minutes later David and Eddie left the boy at headquarters.

"I don't think that kid will try a stick-up again," David said meditatively to Eddie as they drove back to the neighborhood that they patrolled. "He looked like a bright kid. He just has to drop some of those friends he has."

For the next hour all was quiet. No street brawls, no purse-snatching, no thefts. It gave David and Eddie a chance to shoot the breeze. They discussed the baseball season, the fishing they were going to do on vacation, and what movie they were going to see Saturday night.

Then they heard a voice from the car radio.

"Tenth Precinct. Car 2379. Proceed west to 123 West 19th Street. Disturbance. Third Floor."

"Now maybe we'll see some real action," said Eddie as he recorded the message in the official log, and sat up straighter, tensed for action.

David drove quickly to 19th Street, and parked the car in the middle of the block. They rushed out of the car and raced into the building in question.

"Be as quiet as possible," David warned. "We want to take him or her by surprise."

They tiptoed up the first two flights of stairs, and when they approached the third flight they heard a crash. Then silence!

The door to apartment 3A was open and they walked in cautiously. The living room was a shambles. Lamps were broken, tables were turned over, the couch cushions were tossed askew. And in the corner of the room was a thin blonde, huddled behind the only upright chair in the room. Her face was badly bruised, and her arms were scratched and swollen.

Facing her across the room stood a dark-haired, stocky man who looked like he could beat up Joe Louis without half trying. His shirt sleeves were rolled up, revealing strong, muscular arms. He had a maniacal look in his eyes as he stared intently at the woman moaning on the floor. A slight smile hovered over his face.

"All right, what's this all about?" David shouted.

The man whirled in surprise. He was so interested in watching the pitiful woman, he hadn't heard anyone enter the apartment.

"Officers, huh," he sneered. "What right have you got to break into a guy's home and interfere in his marriage?"

"Listen, wise guy," Eddie said curtly, "we're taking you in. It's against the law to beat up a person, wife or not."

"Yeah?" the fellow retorted. "Just try and take me, just try."

"Eddie, you help the woman to the car while I handle this fellow," David directed crisply.

Then David walked slowly toward the man, pulling out a gun as he approached him.

"All right, start walking downstairs," David ordered quietly.

"Pretty brave with a gun, huh," he muttered, but he started downstairs. David walked practically abreast of him, his gun trained on him all the time.

Suddenly the thug whirled on David, knocked the gun out of his hand with his enormous fist, and started pommelling him mercilessly. After his momentary surprise, David returned blow for blow. He gave the guy a swift blow to the jaw which sent him reeling. David, taking advantage of his offensive, sent a blow to the thug's stomach.

"Had enough?" David asked. "Ready to come peacefully?"

At that moment Eddie raced up the stairs from the car. "She's in the car. Need any help?"

"No, everything's under control," David said, and he helped the groggy thug to the car.

The first stop was the hospital — the next, police headquarters. When they hauled him in, the sergeant took one look at the man's face and said, "So it's you again. Can't stop using your fists, can you? This time you won't get off so lightly," and he booked him for assault and battery.

At eight a.m. a weary twosome left the station house.

"What was that you were saying about excitement?" David asked Eddie tiredly.

Eddie smiled weakly, "I take it back. I'll never ask for action again!"

THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

**A
TRUE
CRIME
STORY**

TERROR ON LOON STREET

IT IS AN OLD MAXIM THAT ONE ACT OF VIOLENCE WILL ALWAYS BREED ANOTHER IN ITS WAKE! THIS IS ESPECIALLY TRUE DURING THE TENSE WEEKS OF A POLITICAL CAMPAIGN! IN EARLY NOVEMBER OF 1928, A RUTHLESS AND AMBITIOUS MAN SET OUT TO WIN THE MAYORALTY OF A LARGE MIDWESTERN TOWN WITH VIOLENT TACTICS!

YES, OFFICER, WHAT CAN I...WHAT ARE YOU DOING...ARRRRGH!!

SORRY, MR. WARD, BUT I'VE GOT MY ORDERS!

BANG!

THIS IS REEVES, THE DOORMAN AT WARD'S APARTMENT!

GLAD TO MEET YOU! WE WANT YOU TO GO OVER THE PHOTOS OF ALL THE MEN ON THE FORCE, AND PICK OUT ANYONE THAT COULD POSSIBLY HAVE BEEN WARD'S KILLER!

IT'S HARD TO TELL FROM PHOTOS, BUT THESE ARE THE ONLY MEN THAT RESEMBLE THE KILLER!

I DON'T NEED TO EMPHASIZE THE SPOT WE'RE IN! EVERY POLITICAL OPPORTUNIST IN TOWN'S ON OUR NECKS, AND AT LEAST TWO PAPERS ARE TRYING TO BURN US ALIVE! THIS CASE HAS TO BE BROKEN AS SOON AS POSSIBLE!

OKAY! THANKS VERY MUCH! SANDY, I WANT YOU TO TAKE CHARGE OF THIS! RUN BALLISTICS TESTS ON THEIR GUNS, AND CHECK THEIR EXACT MOVEMENTS DURING THE TIME THAT WARD WAS KILLED! LET ME KNOW THE MINUTE YOU'RE THROUGH!

MEANWHILE, THE KILLER REPORTS TO HIS EMPLOYER...

I GUESS YOU'VE SEEN THE PAPERS, MR. ANDERS!

YOU DID A FINE JOB, TEMPLE! HERE'S YOUR MONEY! THERE'LL BE A LOT MORE AFTER I'M ELECTED MAYOR! ALL YOU HAVE TO DO NOW IS STAY OUT OF SIGHT TILL THE ELECTION'S OVER!

I HAVE TO HAND IT TO YOU, MR. ANDERS! EVERYTHING'S WORKING JUST AS YOU PLANNED!

NOT BAD...NOT BAD AT ALL! WITH WARD OUT OF THE WAY, AND EVERYBODY THINKING THE MAYOR HAD WARD KILLED, THE ELECTION'S WIDE OPEN! THE PEOPLE WILL BE READY FOR A REAL REFORM CANDIDATE...AND I'M WILLING TO OBLIGE 'EM!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, DETECTIVE SKELLY RECEIVES A CALL FROM THE MAYOR...

YES, MAYOR, I'M READING IT NOW!

THIS IS POLITICAL DYNAMITE, SKELLY! THEY'RE ALREADY ACCUSING ME OF HAVING WARD MURDERED, SO I'D BE RE-ELECTED! I CAN'T BELIEVE THAT ONE OF OUR BOYS DID IT, BUT I WANT THEIR ALIBIS CHECKED THOROUGHLY!

YES, SIR! THEY'RE BRINGING THE DOORMAN FROM WARD'S APARTMENT IN NOW, AND HE'LL TRY TO MAKE AN IDENTIFICATION!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOUR SPEECH THIS AFTERNOON IS GOIN' TO BE ON RADIO AN' T.V., BOSS! THE REPORTERS WILL BE THERE TOO, SO IT'LL GET IN THIS AFTERNOON'S PAPERS!

FINE, FINE! EVERYTHING'S WORKING LIKE CLOCKWORK! THE COPS WILL NEVER FIND THE KILLER BEFORE ELECTION DAY, AND BY THAT TIME I'LL BE THE NEW MAYOR! NOW LISTEN! WE'VE GOT TO GET TO WORK!

KING, I WANT YOU TO HAVE YOUR BOYS PASS OUT THOSE PAMPHLETS DEMANDING MY ELECTION. SAMMY, SEE THAT YOU GET FULL PAGE ADVERTISEMENTS IN ALL THE MORNING PAPERS! LEFTY, YOU'VE GOT TWO REPORTERS AND A RADIO COMMENTATOR ON THE STRING... I WANT 'EM TO MAKE SPEECHES, SPREAD THE WORD, GET ANYTHING THEY CAN INTO THE PAPERS! ANY QUESTIONS? OKAY, GET GOING!

SEVERAL HOURS LATER, AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

THOSE MEN ARE ALL CLEAR, CHIEF! THEY HAVE CAST IRON ALIBIS, AND THE BALLISTICS TESTS BEAR OUT THEIR STORIES!

THE MAYOR'S HERE, MR. SKELLY!

GOOD! I KNEW IT COULDN'T HAVE BEEN ONE OF OUR MEN, BUT I HAD TO BE SURE!



I HOPE YOU'VE GOT SOME GOOD NEWS, SKELLY! THIS MAN, ANDERS, IS HOWLING FOR OUR SCALPS! I DON'T KNOW HOW IT GOT STARTED, BUT HE SEEMS TO HAVE A TREMENDOUS AMOUNT OF POPULAR SUPPORT!

OUR MEN ARE ALL IN THE CLEAR, MR. MAYOR! COULD I SEE YOUR PAPER?

HE'S NOT PULLING ANY PUNCHES, IS HE? HMM... ANDERS... THAT NAME SOUNDS STRANGELY FAMILIAR! HOW ABOUT HAVING A LOOK, ANDY? CHECK OUR FILES, AND SEND A MAN OVER TO THE DAILY GLOBE AND SEE WHAT THEY'VE GOT!

OKAY, CHIEF!

MEANWHILE, LOUIS TEMPLE RUNS INTO TROUBLE...

SUCKER! THAT'S WHAT YOU ARE, LOUIS! YOU KILL A MAN AND ALL YOU GET IS A MEASLY HUNDRED AND FIFTY BUCKS!

LEMME ALONE, HELEN! HE'S GONNA GIMME MORE AS SOON AS HE'S MAYOR! HE'S A GOOD GUY...



DON'T MAKE ME LAUGH! HE'S THROUGH WITH YOU! HE KNOWS YOU CAN'T SQUEAL WITHOUT FACING A MURDER RAP! WHY DON'T YOU TAKE THAT COP SUIT HE GAVE YOU AND EARN SOME DOUGH WITH IT?

OKAY, HELEN, OKAY! GET THE UNIFORM!

WEARING HIS STOLEN UNIFORM, DRUNKEN TEMPLE ENTERS A LARGE DOWNTOWN JEWELRY STORE...

YES, OFFICER, WHAT CAN I... WHAT ARE YOU DOING WITH THAT GUN?

THIS'S A STICK-UP, PAL! JUS' CLEAN OUT YOUR CASH REGISTER AN' DON'T ASK ANY MORE QUESTIONS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

MEANWHILE, BACK AT POLICE HEADQUARTERS...

HERE'S THE DOPE ON ANDERS, CHIEF! HE'S NEVER DONE ANY TIME, BUT HE'S BEEN MIXED UP IN A LOT OF SHADY STUFF!

HE DOESN'T SOUND LIKE A VERY SAVORY CHARACTER, DOES HE? LET ME SEE THE PAPERS ON HIM!



ANDERS MUST HAVE FIGURED NONE OF THIS WOULD COME OUT BEFORE THE ELECTION! YOU KNOW, SANDY, HE MIGHT HAVE ENGINEERED WARD'S MURDER! HE'S CERTAINLY CAPITALIZED ON IT!

I'M THINKING THE SAME THING! HE WAS ON THE AIR SIX HOURS AFTER WARD'S DEATH, AND HIS CAMPAIGN'S BEEN IN HIGH GEAR EVER SINCE!



RING!

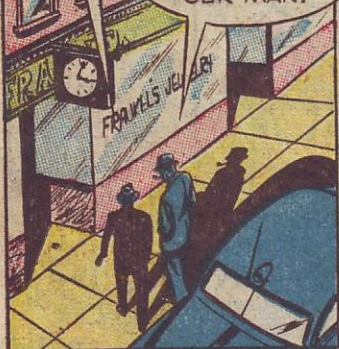
ROBBERY? WHY ARE YOU BOTHERING ME...WHAT? A POLICEMAN'S UNIFORM? DON'T TOUCH ANYTHING! I'LL BE RIGHT OVER!

GET A CAR, SANDY! THIS MAY BE THE BREAK WE'RE WAITING FOR!



DO YOU THINK IT'S THE SAME GUY?

I DON'T KNOW! WE HAVEN'T HAD A COP IMPERSONATION JOB IN FIVE YEARS! AND NOW WE'VE GOT TWO INSIDE OF TWO DAYS! THERE'S A GOOD CHANCE HE'S OUR MAN!



A SHORT TIME LATER, THE FINGER-PRINT EXPERT REPORTS...

HE WAS PRETTY CARELESS, MR. SKELLY! THE MANAGER SAID HE WAS DRUNK! WE'VE GOTTEN ABOUT TWENTY GOOD PRINTS THAT DON'T MATCH UP WITH ANYONE IN THE STORE!

OKAY! GET 'EM BACK TO THE LAB AND LET ME KNOW WHAT YOU DIG UP! HERE— TAKE THIS DESCRIPTION WITH YOU! MAYBE IT'LL HELP!



LATER...

IT WAS EASY, CHIEF! NAME'S LOUIS TEMPLE! HE'S GOT A RECORD AS LONG AS YOUR ARM!

SHALL I HAVE HIM PICKED UP?

NOT YET! IF HE'S THE KILLER, I'D LIKE TO GET THE GUY WHO HIRED HIM AT THE SAME TIME!



I'M JUST SUPPOSING, SANDY, BUT IF ANDERS DID HAVE TEMPLE KNOCK OFF WARD, HE'S GOING TO BE MIGHTY SORE WHEN HE HEARS ABOUT THIS ROBBERY! HE COULDN'T HAVE HEARD YET! SUPPOSE I CALLED HIM AND TOLD HIM I WAS TEMPLE... AND ALL ABOUT THE ROBBERY? HE MIGHT BITE!

MAYBE... TRY IT!



DISGUIISING HIS VOICE, SKELLY DIALS GEORGE ANDERS...

HELLO, ANDERS? DIS IS LOUIE TEMPLE! YOU GOTTA HELP ME! I KNOCKED OVER A JOOLRY STORE WEARIN' THAT COP'S UNIFORM! I GOTTA HAVE SOME DOUGH TO SKIP TOWN!



THE STUPID FOOL IS GETTING TOO DANGEROUS TO LIVE! I'LL HAVE TO SHUT HIS MOUTH BEFORE HE RUINS EVERYTHING!

OKAY, TEMPLE! I WAS THINKING YOU OUGHT TO GO ON A TRIP, ANYWAY! MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF PORTER AND FILLMORE STREET IN THIRTY MINUTES, AND I'LL HAVE THE MONEY!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

WHEW! IT WORKED! GIVE ME THAT CARD, SANDY! IT'S GOT THE LAST PHONE NUMBER WE'VE GOT ON TEMPLE! NOW I'LL TRY MY HAND AT IMPERSONATING THAT GREAT AMERICAN...GEORGE ANDERS!

MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO GO ON THE STAGE, CHIEF!

I'VE BEEN THINKING ABOUT YOU, LOUIS! MAYBE YOU OUGHT TO GET OUT OF TOWN UNTIL THIS THING BLOWS OVER! MEET ME AT THE CORNER OF PORTER AND LOON STREET IN TWENTY-FIVE MINUTES, AND I'LL GIVE YOU ENOUGH TO TAKE YOU TO SOUTH AMERICA!

BOY! IS THIS A RELIEF! I WAS WANTIN' TO GET OUTA TOWN BEFORE HE HEARD ABOUT THE ROBBERY!

OKAY, MR. ANDERS! I'LL BE THERE!

WITH THE TRAP SET, THE TWO DETECTIVES STAKED OUT THE ARRANGED MEETING PLACE...

THERE'S YEAH, AND THIS OUGHT TO BE ANDERS IN THE CAR! THE BOYS ARE READY! AS SOON AS ANDERS STOPS THE CAR, I'M GOING TO BLOW MY WHISTLE! WE'RE GONNA HAVE TO SWARM OVER THEM BEFORE THEY REALIZE WHAT'S GOING ON!

IT'S ME, MR. ANDE... YAHH!

IT'S HIM, ALL RIGHT! OKAY, LEFTY!

RAT-TAT-TAT!

ONE OF YOU GUYS TAKE CARE OF TEMPLE! HURRY, UP, BOYS, WE CAN'T LET THEM ESCAPE!

SHOOT FOR THE TIRES, SANDY!

BANG!

BANG!

KEEP SHOOTING LOW! WE WANT TO TAKE THEM ALIVE IF WE CAN!

SOMETHING'S HAPPENED, ANDERS! I'M LOSIN' CONTROL!

CRASH!

BEFORE ANDERS AND HIS MEN COULD ESCAPE, SKELLY AND COMPTON WERE UPON THEM!

WHAT'S THE MEANING OF THIS? I'LL...

SAVE YOUR BREATH, ANDERS! WE KNOW THE WHOLE STORY! AND DON'T WORRY ABOUT THE ELECTION! WE'RE GONNA GET YOU ELECTED TO THE STATE PEN!

WITH THE EVIDENCE SUPPLIED BY DETECTIVES SKELLY AND COMPTON, ANDERS WAS CONVICTED OF MURDER, AND IS NOW SERVING A LIFE SENTENCE IN THE PENITENTIARY! THUS, THE FINAL ACT OF VIOLENCE BROUGHT ITS OWN REACTION, AND THE CHAIN OF EVENTS STARTED BY THE "LOON STREET MURDER" CAME TO ITS INEVITABLE ENDING!

THE END

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

A TRUE CRIME STORY

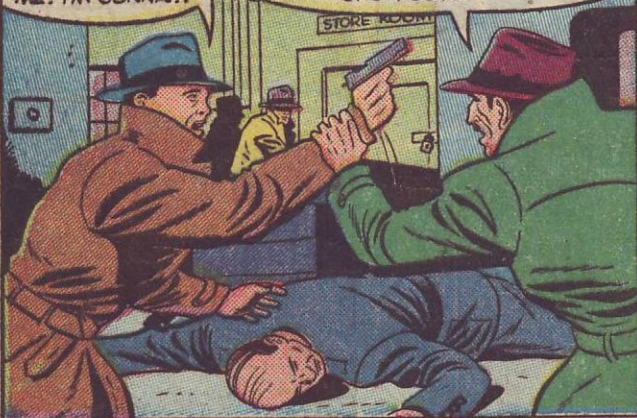
The LONE WITNESS

PROBABLY NO OTHER TYPE OF CRIMINAL IS CONSIDERED SO LOW AND VICIOUS AS THE ONE WHO PREYS UPON SOCIETY, PEDDLING DOPE! IT WAS SHORTLY AFTER THE HORRORS OF THIS SITUATION CAME TO LIGHT IN 1948 THAT THE T-MEN CRACKED DOWN ON DOPE SMUGGLING ACTIVITIES! WITH HIS SOURCE OF SUPPLY CUT OFF, MAURY NIEMAN LED HIS UNDERLINGS, ONE OF WHOM WAS A KILLER, RAY GILLIS, TO A SMALL DRUG MANUFACTURING PLANT OUTSIDE PATERSON, NEW JERSEY...



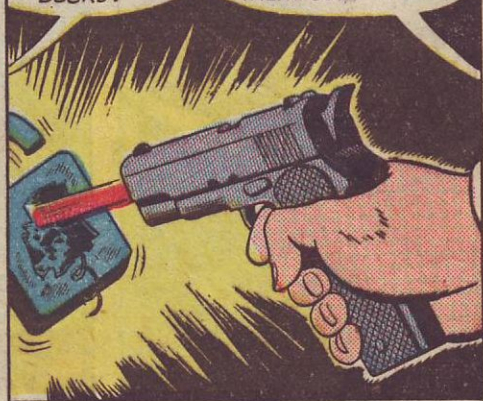
LISTEN, MAURY, WE CAN'T LET THIS GUY LIVE! HE SAW MY FACE! HE MAY BE ABLE TO IDENTIFY ME! I'M GONNA...

CUT IT, RAY! I DON'T WANT ANY PART OF A MURDER RAP! THERE'S 200 G'S WORTH OF HEROIN IN THAT SUPPLY ROOM! THAT'S ALL WE CAME FOR! LET'S GET THAT DOOR OPEN, BOYS!



DON'T BE A FOOL, MAURY! WE'RE ALL IN THIS TOGETHER! IF HE BLABS TO THE BULLS WE'LL ALL BE DEAD DUCKS!

SHUT UP, RAY! I SAID NO KILLIN' AN' I MEANT IT! BESIDES, THAT RAP ON THE NOGGIN' WAS ENOUGH TO MAKE HIM FORGET YOUR UGLY PUSS! C'MON THERE GOES TH' LOCK!



BUT LITTLE DID MAURY NIEMAN REALIZE THAT, IN THE DARKNESS, HIS BLOW HAD PARTLY GLANCED OFF THE WATCHMAN'S SKULL, AND AS THE FOUR ENTERED THE SUPPLY ROOM...

UGH! GOT TO REACH THAT ALARM BUTTON BEFORE THEY...UGH... I G...GOTTA MAKE IT!

THERE IT IS! THAT CARTON ON THE SHELF THERE! GRAB IT, RAY!



DRR-RRR-RINN-NNNGG

HEY! WHAT THE DEVIL?

IT'S THE ALARM! HOW D'YA SUPPOSE...

MUST BE THE WATCHMAN! I PROBABLY DIDN'T KONK HIM HARD ENOUGH! C'MON, LET'S GET LOST FAST!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

AS THE THUGS RUSH OUT THE WATCHMAN MAKES A FUTILE ATTEMPT TO STOP THEM...



STOP! STOP OR I'LL SHOOT! YOU PUNKS CAN'T GET AWAY WITH IT...AGGHH!

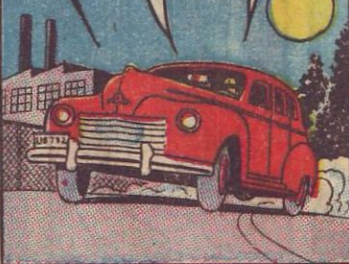
WATCH OUT! HE'S GOT A GUN!

YOU SAP! TRYIN' TO PLAY HERO, EH? HURRY-LET'S GET TO THE CAR!

LISTEN! SIRENS! THEY SEEM T'BE COMIN' FROM EVERYWHERE!

DON'T GO OFF YER ROCKER-KEEP COOL! WE GOT WHAT WE CAME FOR! THERE'S A SIDE ROAD A HALF MILE DOWN THE HIGHWAY! TURN OFF ON IT!

W.WHAT GOOD'LL THAT DO? WE'RE BOUND TO RUN INTO ROADBLOCKS BEFORE WE CAN GET TOO FAR! WELL-WE HAVE NO CHOICE!



TWENTY MINUTES LATER, ON A BUMPY DIRT ROAD, MAURY NIEMAN ORDERED THE CAR STOPPED AT THE EDGE OF AN EMBANKMENT OVERLOOKING A LARGE LAKE...



I DON'T GET IT! WHAT'RE WE STOPPIN' HERE FOR?

THAT LAKE'S DEEP! WE'RE DITCHIN' THE CAR AND SPLITTIN' UP! TAKE TO THE WOODS AND KEEP UNDER COVER UNTIL MORNING! BY THEN WE'LL BE BEYOND THE DRAGNET! RAY, YOU KEEP THE STUFF!



THERE SHE GOES! C'MON, LET'S TAKE OFF! AND, RAY-TAKE GOOD CARE OF THE STUFF!

SPL-LASHHH!



MAURY'S THE SMARTONE, ALL RIGHT! LET'S ME TOTE THIS STUFF BACK ALONE! ALL I HAVE TA DO IS GET PICKED UP WITH IT! WELL, I'M NO SUCKER! I'M GONNA PLAY IT SMART, TOO!



RAY WORKED HIS WAY CLOSER TO THE HIGHWAY TO GET HIS BEARINGS! THEN, AFTER CARVING A LARGE CROSS ON A TREE TRUNK, HE PROCEEDED TO DIG A SMALL HOLE...

WITH MY COAT PROTECTIN' IT FROM DAMPNESS, IT'LL BE SAFE HERE! THEN, I CAN PICK IT UP WHEN THE HEAT'S OFF! AND IT'LL ALL BE MINE! THIS IS ONE TIME MAURY OUTSMARTED HIMSELF!

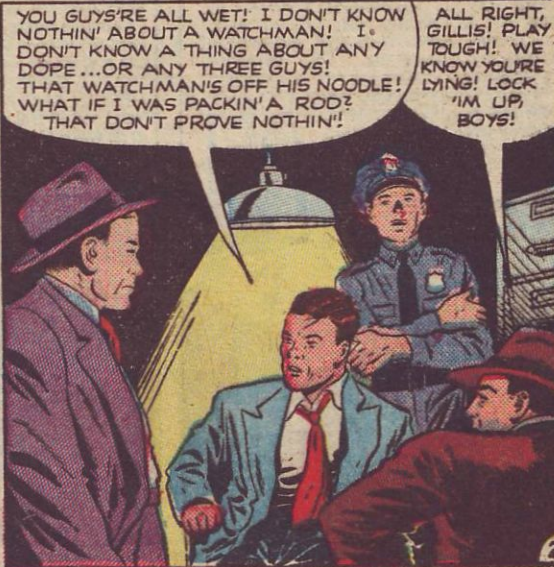


SEVERAL HOURS LATER, WHEN RAY ARRIVED HOME...

HEY, HONEY-I'M HOME! I...HEY! WHO'RE YOU TWO GUYS?

POLICE, GILLIS! YOU'RE UNDER ARREST!

THE WATCHMAN IDENTIFIED YOU THROUGH ROGUES' GALLERY PHOTOS, GILLIS! SAYS HE'S SURE YOU WERE ONE OF THEM! HE'S HURT BAD...BUT HE'LL RECOVER! COME ON...LET'S GO DOWNTOWN!



YOU GUYS'RE ALL WET! I DON'T KNOW NOTHIN' ABOUT A WATCHMAN! I DON'T KNOW A THING ABOUT ANY DOPE...OR ANY THREE GUYS! THAT WATCHMAN'S OFF HIS NOODLE! WHAT IF I WAS PACKIN' A ROO? THAT DON'T PROVE NOTHIN'!

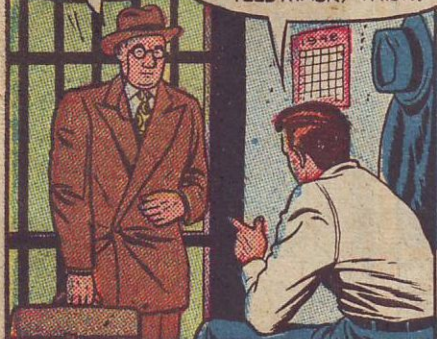
ALL RIGHT, GILLIS! PLAY TOUGH! WE KNOW YOU'RE LYING! LOCK 'IM UP, BOYS!

CRIME DOES NOT PAY

FRIGHTENED OVER THE POSSIBILITY OF BEING IMPLICATED, MAURY HURRIEDLY SENT A LAWYER TO CONFER WITH RAY GILLIS...

GOOD THING YOU DECIDED NOT TO TALK, RAY... BUT MAURY'S WORRIED ABOUT THE HEROIN!

YEAH, I KNOW! HE DOESN'T GIVE A RAP ABOUT ME! TELL 'IM I HIDIT! IT'S HIS FAULT 'IM IN HERE! I TOLD 'IM TO BUMP THAT WATCHMAN! WELL, YOU TELL MAURY THIS...



THE D.A.'S GOT ME... BUT I'VE GOT THE DOPE, SEE? MAURY DON'T HAFTA WORRY ABOUT ME SQUEALIN'... BUT I AINT PLAYIN' THE SUCKER! IF 'IM GENT UP, MAURY'LL WAIT FOR HIS SHARE TILL I GET OUT! HE'S NOT GONNA DO ME OUTA MY CUT!



MEANWHILE, IN THE OFFICE OF DISTRICT ATTORNEY GRAYSON...

WHAT COULD BE SIMPLER, MR. GRAYSON? GILLIS AND MAURY NIEMAN HAVE BEEN BROTHERS IN CRIME FOR YEARS! JUST GIVE US THE OKAY! WE'LL PICK UP NIEMAN AND...

NO... THAT WON'T DO! WE HAVE NO EVIDENCE! THE WATCHMAN ONLY SAW GILLIS! BUT I WANT NIEMAN TAILED! MAYBE HE'LL LEAD YOU TO THE STOLEN LOAD OF HEROIN!



SO ENRAGED WAS MAURY OVER RAY'S MESSAGE THAT HE RISKED COMING OUT INTO THE OPEN TO PAY HIM A PERSONAL VISIT...

DON'T MONKEY WITH ME, YOU RAT! I GOT CONNECTIONS IN THE BIG HOUSE! I'LL HAVE YOU KNOCKED OFF! NOW, WHERE'D YA HIDE IT?

YOU SCARE ME, MAURY! C'MON... YOU AINT THAT DUMB AND NEITHER AM I! BUMP ME AND YOU'LL NEVER GET IT! NOW, VAMOOSE AND GET ME A GOOD MOUTHPIECE... OR ELSE...



AND A FEW DAYS LATER, AT THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE...

TAILING NIEMAN HASN'T HELPED MUCH, MR. GRAYSON! SURE, HE WENT TO SEE GILLIS BUT WE STILL DON'T KNOW ANYTHING WE DIDN'T KNOW BEFORE...

HMM... THAT DOESN'T FIGURE! ESPECIALLY SINCE HE'S JUST MADE A SUCCESSFUL HAUL! AND HE WOULDN'T BE WORRIED OVER GILLIS BECAUSE GILLIS JUST ISN'T TALKING! I WONDER WHAT COOKS!



I'VE GOT IT! NIEMAN'S UPSET BECAUSE HE DOESN'T HAVE THE HEROIN... AND HE PROBABLY CAN'T GET IT WITHOUT GILLIS, WHO FACES A LONG STRETCH! COME ON! WE'RE GOING TO ATTEMPT AN OLD TRICK ON GILLIS!

WHAT IS IT, MR. GRAYSON? WHAT'S YOUR PLAN?



YOU MAY AS WELL CONFESS EVERYTHING, GILLIS! WE'VE PICKED UP NIEMAN! HE SAYS YOU'VE GOT THE HEROIN AND IT WAS YOU WHO SLUGGED THE WATCHMAN! HE SAYS YOU ENGINEERED THE WHOLE JOB!

WHAT? HE'S A LYIN'... AHH, CUT IT! I'M WISE TO YOUR TRICKS!



LATER...

I DON'T GET IT, MR. GRAYSON! WHY THE BIG GRIN? HE DIDN'T ADMIT ANYTHING... AND HE CERTAINLY WON'T SIGN ANY CONFESSION!

WHO NEEDS A CONFESSION? HE ADMITTED PLENTY! DID YOU SEE THE WAY HE JUMPED? THAT PROVES THAT I'VE FIGURED IT OUT RIGHT!

BUT WE STILL DON'T HAVE THE EVIDENCE AGAINST NIEMAN!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY

YOU'RE RIGHT THERE, BUT WE KNOW THAT NIEMAN'LL DO ANYTHING TO GET GILLIS ACQUITTED! THE WATCHMAN'S TESTIMONY CAN'T BE DISCREDITED, SO THAT'S OUT! BUT IF THERE WERE NO WITNESSES - WE'LL HAVE TO TAKE THE WATCHMAN INTO PROTECTIVE CUSTODY! HE'S OUT OF THE HOSPITAL AND HAS GONE BACK TO HIS JOB!

IF WE DO, THEN NIEMAN WON'T BE ABLE TO SHOW HIS HAND!



I REALIZE YOU DON'T WANT HIS LIFE PLACED IN JEOPARDY... BUT IT'S THE ONLY WAY TO GET NIEMAN! AN ATTEMPT ON THE WATCHMAN'S LIFE WOULD IMPLICATE NIEMAN BEYOND THE SHADOW OF A DOUBT! MY MEN ARE TOO WELL TRAINED TO PERMIT ANY HARM TO COME TO HIM!

VERY WELL! GO TO IT - BUT REMEMBER, WE'RE TAKING A CHANCE!



GRAYSON HAD NOT ACTED A MOMENT TOO SOON, FOR ON THE OTHER SIDE OF TOWN, A DESPERATE MAURY NIEMAN INDULGED IN A DISCUSSION INVOLVING THE DEATH OF THE LONE WITNESS...

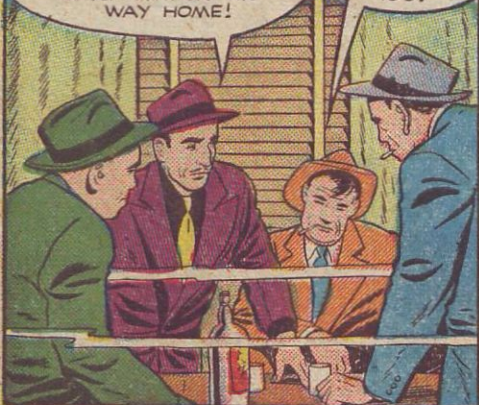
HERE'S THE DOPE, BOYS! GILLIS HASN'T A CHANCE IF THE OLD MAN TESTIFIES! AND WE'LL NEVER GET THAT PACKAGE OF HEROIN IF RAY GETS SENT UP!

WELL, WHAT'RE WE WAITIN' FOR? LET'S GO!



NOT SO FAST! THEY'VE GOT A NEW ALARM SYSTEM OUT AT THE CHEMICAL PLANT - WE'D NEVER GET INSIDE AGAIN! IT'S GETTIN' DARK NOW! WE'LL WAIT TILL MORNING AND CATCH HIM ON HIS WAY HOME!

THAT MAKES SENSE! THE STREETS'LL BE DESERTED THEN, TOO!

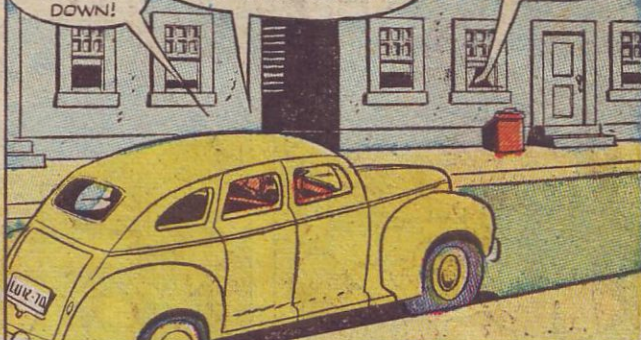


AT 6:30, THE FOLLOWING MORNING, NIEMAN PULLED HIS CAR TO THE CURB ON A STREET IN THE WEST 80'S NEAR THE WATCHMAN'S HOME...

HEY, MAURY - WHAT'RE WE PARKIN' HERE FOR? I THOUGHT HE LIVED A FEW HOUSES DOWN!

HE DOES... BUT IF THE CAR'S MOVIN' WHEN WE GUN 'IM... THERE'LL BE A BETTER CHANCE OF GETTIN' AWAY WITHOUT HAVIN' OUR LICENSE NUMBER SPOTTED! WE'LL JUST SIT AN' WAIT FOR HIM!

HOP TO IT, BOYS! A CAR'S JUST PULLED UP ACROSS THE STREET AND NOBODY'S GETTIN' OUT!



SO EFFICIENT WAS THE NEW YORK DETECTIVE BUREAU THAT EVEN THE WATCHMAN'S HOME WAS UNDER SURVEILLANCE WHILE HE WAS OUT...

THERE ARE THREE MEN IN THERE, BUT I CAN'T MAKE THEM OUT! IT MIGHT NOT MEAN A THING, BUT WE CAN'T AFFORD TO TAKE CHANCES!

I CAN'T SEE THEM EITHER! BUT THE LICENSE NUMBER'S LU 12-70!

KEEP ALERT! I'LL PHONE IT IN TO HEAD-QUARTERS!

LU 12-70... HERE IT IS! HEY, IT'S MAURY NIEMAN'S LICENSE!

THAT'S RIGHT, SIR! IT'S REGISTERED BY MAURY NIEMAN!

WE'VE HIT PAY-DIRT! IT'S NIEMAN, ALL RIGHT!

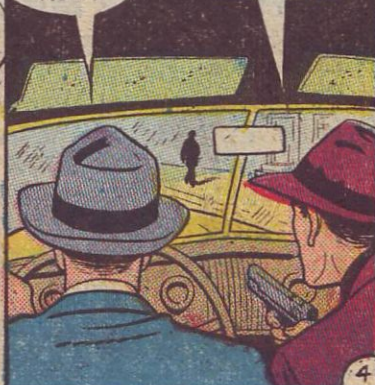
GOOD! WE'LL USE PLAN 2! HOSKINS, GO OUT THE BACK WAY, AROUND THE BLOCK AND GET INTO THE WATCHMAN'S HOUSE UNSEEN!



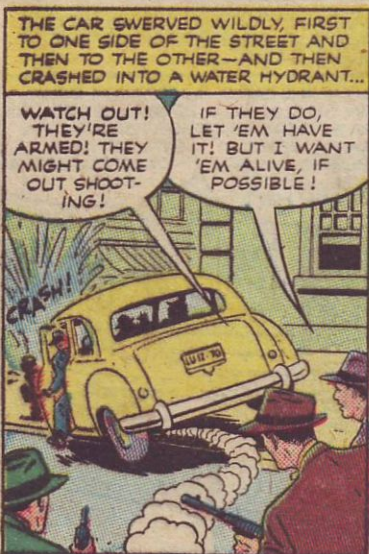
TWENTY MINUTES LATER...

HEY, LOOK! DOWN THE STREET... COMIN' TOWARD US! ISN'T THAT THE WATCHMAN, NOW?

YEAH...YEAH! OKAY, START 'ER UP! WE'LL PASS HIS HOUSE AS HE'S READY TO ENTER AN' GIVE HIM THE BUSINESS!



CRIME DOES NOT PAY



AS A FOURTH OFFENDER, MAURY NIEMAN WAS SENTENCED TO LIFE IMPRISONMENT! FOR THEIR CO-OPERATION, RAY GILLIS AND THE OTHER TWO HOODLUMS RECEIVED LIGHTER SENTENCES - FURTHER PROOF OF THE OLD ADAGE - CRIME DOES NOT PAY!

THE END

YOUR ATTENTION IS UNDER ARREST!

FROM THE MOMENT YOU READ THE FIRST WORD IN

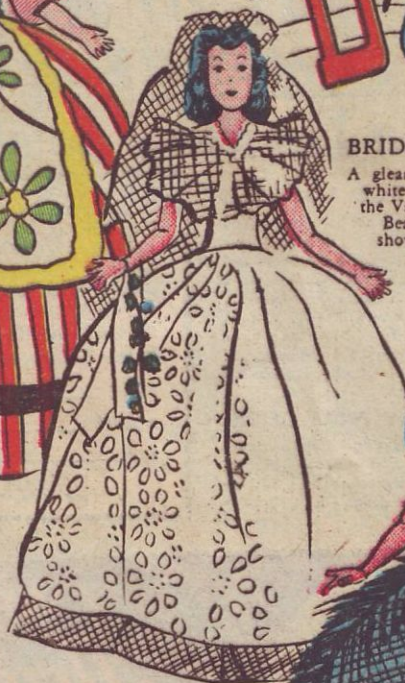
THE NEXT ISSUE OF "CRIME DOES NOT PAY," YOU WILL BE HYPNOTIZED UNDER A COMPELLING SPELL! IT WILL GRIP YOU-HOLD YOU-IN WILD EXCITEMENT! TIME AND AGAIN, THE EDITORS OF "CRIME DOES NOT PAY" HAVE BEEN ASKED TO PRODUCE A STORY OF JOHN DILLINGER, A STORY THAT HIGHLIGHTS ONLY THE GREAT MOMENTS OF SUSPENSE, ACTION AND EXCITEMENT IN HIS VILE AND FLAMING CAREER! THE NEXT ISSUE DOES MORE THAN THAT! DON'T ALLOW YOURSELF TO MISS THE TRUE-TRUE STORY OF THE TERRIFYING "JOHN DILLINGER'S VOLCANIC CORRUPTION" ON SALE SEPT. 5th!

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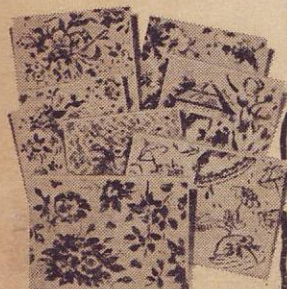
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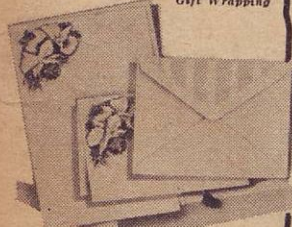
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These assortments are so exceptionally beautiful that folks are happy to give you big orders. Their exquisite designs, glowing warm colors and rich-looking novelty features delight all who see them. NO EXPERIENCE IS NEEDED—our Free Book shows you how even beginners make money right away. You make up to 60c on each box.

You Make Money—and Friends, Too

Everyone in your community sends out greeting cards of all kinds throughout the entire year. That's why it's so easy to make good money and new friends, merely by showing something that everybody wants—and buys anyway.

Yours for Free Trial—Everything You Need to Start Earning Immediately

Mail Free Trial Coupon NOW—without money. We will send you everything you need to begin earning money right away. Lovely sample assortments on approval. Complete details about excellent profits. Free samples of the new "Name-Imprinted" Christmas Cards and lovely personal Stationery. If friends don't "snap up" samples—ask for more—return them at our expense. Don't miss this chance to make friends and extra money—mail coupon NOW. HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio L-68, Nashua, N. H. (or if you live west of the Rockies—mail coupon to Palo Alto, California.)



Mail Free-Trial Coupon—Without Money or Obligation

FREE BOOK

This valuable new book shows easy ways for any beginner to make money! It is filled with practical help, showing how others are finding it simple to make friends and money in this field (without the slightest bit of previous experience) and how you can, too.

HARRY DOEHLA CO., Studio L-68
Nashua, N. H. (or Palo Alto, Cal.)

Please rush me—for FREE TRIAL—sample box assortments on approval, money-making plan. Also send Free Stationery Samples, and Free Book, "How to Make Money and Friends—Showing Doebla Greeting Cards."

Name (Please Print)

Address

City State
Please state Zone No. (if any)

If your church,

club or organization needs money and wants a quick easy way to raise funds all year 'round—write us, giving your name, the name and address of your organization, and name of person in charge of fund-raising. By return mail we will send our valuable guide for groups, "The Doebla Money-Raising Plan," together with sample kit, on approval.



this big 15"
Silver Trophy
as Roger
just did

When I enrolled I was a skinny, sick weakling. I was shy with girls because I had nothing to show off. A few weeks after starting the Jowett Course my body was the best in the neighborhood. Now I get respect and admiration from every fellow and girl I meet.

Roger D. Hirsch

ROGER HIRSCH
was an
112 lb.
6 ft.
weakling
LOOK AT HIM NOW!

Aren't **YOU** as **SICK** and Tired as I was
of being **SKINNY** ?

CHICKEN-CHESTED
SPINDLE-ARMED
NARROW-SHOULDERED
SHORT-WINDED
WEAK, HALF-ALIVE
JEERED, BULLIED

**Then do as I did...
MAIL THE COUPON BELOW**

**I gained 53 lbs. of mighty muscle
I added 6½ inches to my CHEST
3 inches to each ARM**

And the rest in proportion —
ALL IN A FEW SHORT WEEKS
by using the **JOWETT SYSTEM**

for building Real **HE-MEN**

Come on, PAL, Now **YOU** give me
10 pleasant Minutes a Day
in your own home... and I'll
give **YOU** a **NEW HE-MAN BODY**
for your **OLD SKELETON FRAME.**

says **GEORGE F. JOWETT**
World's Greatest Builder of **HE-MEN**

NO! I don't care how skinny or flabby you are; if you're a teen-ager, in your 20's or 30's or over; if you're short or tall, or what work you do. All I want is **JUST 10 EXCITING MINUTES** in your home to **MAKE YOU OVER** by the **SAME METHOD** I turned myself from a wreck to a Champion of Champions.

YES! You'll see **INCH** upon **INCH** of **MAIGHTY MUSCLE** added to **YOUR ARMS.** Your **CHEST** deepened. Your **BACK** and **SHOULDERS** broadened. From head to heels, you'll gain **SOLIDITY, SIZE, POWER, SPEED!** You'll become an **ALL-Around, ALL-American HE-MAN**, a **WINNER** in everything you tackle—or my Training won't cost you one solitary cent!



George F. Jowett
Whom experts call "Champion of Champions"
"World's wrestling and wt. lifting champ"
"World's Strongest Arms"
"4 times 'World's Perfect Body' Winner."

Develop YOUR 520 MUSCLES
Gain Pounds, INCHES, FAST!

Friend, I've traveled the world. Made a **LIFETIME STUDY** of every way known to develop your body. Then I devised the **BEST BY TEST**, my "5-WAY **PROGRESSIVE POWER**", the only method that builds you 5-ways fast. You save **YEARS, DOLLARS** like movie star Tom Tyler did. Like **Champ Roger Hirsch** did. Like **MANY THOUSANDS** like you did **SO**.

MAIL COUPON NOW and GET

NOW LET ME MAKE YOU LIKE ROGER A WINNER IN EVERY WALK OF LIFE



BOTH FREE!
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How to Build **MIGHTY ARMS**

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FREE Photo Book How to Achieve Nerves of Steel, Muscles of Iron

NAME _____ AGE _____
ADDRESS _____
CITY _____ ZONE _____ STATE _____